

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION
IN A CITY OF 8,000
AND A
CITY OF 10,000 POPULATION

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

A Life, New and Progressive
SEMI-WEEKLY AT ONLY \$2 PER YEAR
Complete Job Office
IN CONNECTION.

VOL. XII.—NO. 45.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1890.

\$2.00 A YEAR.



'TIS STILL ON.

Owing to the continued rush for the Marvelous Bargains offered in our Great Dress Goods Sale we are constrained to continue through this and next week, let the loss be what it may. Beginning Monday morning we offer additional attractions. For genuine bargains visit us.

SEERSUCKER GINGHAMS.
Superior quality, elegant styles, colors absolutely fast will prove an interesting bargain. Sale price 7c. per yard.

TOILE DU NORD,
And other fine dress gingham, all the latest designs and colorings. This sale 10c.

IMPORTED SCOTCH GINGHAMS.
Magnificent goods, perfect colors, fine cloth, value 20c. Sale price 12 1/2 cents.

ANDERSON GINGHAMS,
Finest gingham made, celebrated the world over, and actual value 40c. This sale 15c.

HANDSOME CALICOES,
New Summer dress styles, satine finish, all novelties. Sale price 5c.

BASSETT & CO.



**ELEGANTLY BRAIDED
Jersey Suit,
BLOUSE WAIST
AND
FULL SKIRT,
LADIES' AND MISSES',**
\$1.88

Sheer Satin Plaid White Goods.

Very fine quality, bought at a Great Bargain, Hand-some Patterns, worth 15c.
This Sale 10c. yard.

Garner's Batiste.
Yard wide, Beautiful Goods, mill price 10 1/2 cents,
9c. yard.

De Laine Calico.
Soft and fine, new and rich designs, just out of loom,
7c. yard.

Armure Silk Sashes.
Lovely quality, 4 yds long, cost \$4.00 to make,
This Sale \$1.08.

Black Organdie.
Celebrated Dragon Brand, warranted absolutely fast,
Sale Price 15c.

Dress Goods.
The wonderful reductions of last week still prevail here, every article mercifully slashed.

BASSETT & CO.

GRAND ROUND-UP SALE.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

100 Men's Coats and Vests, without Pants to match. Original prices of suits \$10, \$12, \$15 and \$20. Prices on the odd coats and vests cut 25 per cent.

300 pairs Odd Pants remaining from suits of all prices, cut 25 per cent.

50 Odd Vests cut 50 per cent, running from 25c. to \$2.00.

100 Men's Black Luster Coats, worth \$2.00, for \$1.50.

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

200 pairs Ladies' fine Kid Button Shoes, odds and ends from first-class makes, original prices \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00. cut from 25 to 50 per cent.

100 Men's fine Calf Shoes, all shapes, kinds and sizes, original prices \$2.00 to \$5.00, cut from 25 to 50 per cent.

TERMS: ONE LOW PRICE IN PLAIN FIGURES.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.

NOS. 1 and 3 MAIN STREET, GLASS COR.

What is
CASTORIA
Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paragoric or Nausea Syrup. Children cry for Castoria. Mothers of Mothers like Castoria.
"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, no superior to any prescription known to me." J. A. Amman, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
THE CLEVELAND COMPANY, 17 Murray St., New York.

Central Tobacco Warehouse.
J. C. KENDRICK, J. H. PETTUS, GEO. S. IRWIN, T. W. SHAW
Kendrick, Pettus & Co.,
TOBACCO SALESMEN.
All Tobacco Insured unless we have written instructions to the contrary.
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
SOLICITING YOUR PATRONAGE.
JOHN T. BODDIE, Boddie, Ky., Agent.

PEOPLES' WAREHOUSE,
HANBERRY & SHRYER, PROP'S,
HOPKINSVILLE, Ky. R. R. St. Bt 10th and 11th.
Careful attention given in sampling and selling all tobacco consigned to us. Liberal advances made on tobacco in store. Good quarters for teams and teamsters. All tobacco insured unless otherwise instructed.

Central Tobacco Warehouse,
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY,
H. H. Abernathy, Prop'r.
Personal attention paid to sampling and selling tobacco.

PLANTERS WAREHOUSE.
The Nat Gaither Co., Proprietors.
TOBACCO COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Hopkinsville - - - Ky.
Liberal Allowances on Tobacco in Store.
Five Months free storage to planters.
NELSON & DABNEY,
TOBACCO, GRAIN & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
R. R. and 11th Sts. Hopkinsville, Ky.
Liberal advances made on Tobacco in store. All tobacco insured at cost of owner unless written instructions to the contrary.

POSTMEN IN CHINA.

Attemtious, Spook-proof Individuals Protected by Pierce Guards.

About the most curious institution in China is the postal service. It includes two quite distinct systems, one for the government officials and the other for every one else. The dispatches of the government are carried by mounted postmen with tolerable swiftness. Their carriage and delivery are under the direct supervision of the Ministry of War in Peking. The people at large are not allowed to send mail by the official carriers. They are obliged to transact all their postal business through a much slower medium.

In every Chinese city there are several post-offices which receive and deliver in their respective districts the mail matter of the general public. Each guarantees the safe delivery of every thing entrusted to its care, and in case of loss of valuable papers or goods reimburses the sender without delay. The contents of every package, however, must be exactly declared at the time of mailing as the postage varies with very trivial variations of value.

The postman of this branch of the mail service walk or ride on asses from station to station. With some eighty pounds of mail matter a postman covers about three miles an hour. The minute he arrives at the end of the route he transfers his burden to the shoulders of another postman, who, whatever the time of day and whatever the weather, hurries off to deliver it at the next station.

To keep himself ready for all emergencies the Chinese postman never fulfils his duty by overeating. He always takes very light meals. "Eats himself only seven-tenths full," the Chinese say. He is usually a man of fine physique and less afraid of ghosts, witches, etc., than forty-nine out of every fifty of his fellow countrymen. In fact, an applicant for admission to the service is generally subjected to a kind of civil-service examination of his courage in withstanding the horrors of supernatural phenomena. If he stands the test without quailing and proves that he has not allowed the control of any bad spirit which might interfere with him in the discharge of his duties, he has taken a long step toward procuring his appointment. This singular condition for admission to the service is universally considered to be quite proper, for the average Chinaman is so afraid of spirits and the dark that the slightest noise by the wayide at night would cause him to drop whatever he was carrying and dart off like a shot to the nearest settlement.

Every ordinary letter may be sent by mail or by about eight cents. Thirty per cent. of the postage is collected in advance from the sender. This amount covers the expense of transportation, and is a guarantee against the loss of the letter. The other seventy per cent. is collected from the receiver, and represents the profit of the service.

The postmen often carry very valuable matter. Treasures intended for the throne and silver bullion without hesitation. To protect the most important mails small guards of soldiers are often used, or troops of fighting civilians who have especially trained themselves to fight mail-robbers. Three, four or five of these civilians are always ready to fight at least a dozen highwaymen. The manner in which they prepare themselves for such uneven combat is an elaboration of the pugilistic training in the preparation of the bag. From the cost of the study then strikes out right and left with his fists for the purpose of punishing the bags away from him. As soon as he learns to keep all the bags in motion without letting them touch him he is pronounced ready to go on the road to knock out mail-robbers.—N. Y. Sun.

LIVED AMONG CANNIBALS.

Adventures of a Baron Who Recently Married an American Wife.
Beverford Alfred, Baron d'Elate, and his wife, Mrs. d'Elate, whose first husband was the Viscount de Noug, are at the Southern. The Baron d'Elate is a Frenchman by birth, an Italian by descent, an Englishman through his country, and a man of many countries by virtue of travel and inclination. He wears his title lightly, as one who has seen much of the world and lived

among these nations where rank is leveled by necessity; and such is indeed the case.

In conversation yesterday he said that he had spent much of his life in the British colonies. The Baron is a handsome man, with a sunburned face, speaks English like an Englishman, and does not look over forty years of age, though he may be older. As a young man he spent several years in Australia, but in 1870, when cotton was commanding a very high price, he, in company with a number of friends, went into the business of raising the costly production of the Fiji Islands. The islands at that time were inhabited largely by cannibals, and white men, though assisted by the friendly natives, carried their lives in their hands, and went constantly armed.

"The sister of my first wife," said the Baron yesterday, "was shot down by the natives, along with her husband and their two children. The cannibals then attempted to carry off the dead bodies, intending to eat them at their leisure in the mountains, but fortunately reinforcements came to our aid and the savages were driven back. My business partner died, and some of the wretches pilfered his grave of two thigh bones, which they carried off to their mountain retreat as trophies; but I found out who had been guilty of the desecration, and succeeded in recovering the bones. I was once on the point of tasting human flesh myself. Some of the natives had been assisting us to build a house, and the completion of the work was celebrated with a feast. In the course of the dinner I helped myself from a dish whose contents resembled pork, and was about to taste of it when a friendly native nudged me with his elbow and whispered one suggestive and sufficient word—'Man.' I needed no further explanation, but it must have been a great disappointment to the cannibals, who would have been much pleased to think that a white man had eaten human flesh. Our life was certainly a dangerous one, but cotton was selling high and we made money. In 1875 the English took possession of the island. I gladly joined their forces, and the cannibals were all either killed or made prisoners."

In 1878 the Baron left the Fiji Islands for India, where he went into the business of raising sugar. He also spent some time in Madagascar, but for the last few years has been living in Paris.—St. Louis Republic.

Drunkenness—Liquor Habit—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be taken in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"What New York paper do you like best?"

"What the Sun for English. The Herald for deaths. The Mail and Express for council, and the Century Magazine for news." Puck.

I had calls for twelve bottles of Smith's Tonic Syrup one day before noon. There is no chill and fever medicine that gives such good satisfaction.—J. A. Harwood, Corinth, Miss.

Miss Hyacinth. I wish to submit some verses on spring. You will find it is a precious poem.
Editor.—That's just what we need. We never pay for poetry.—Town Topics.

DO NOT SUFFER ANY LONGER.

Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the first stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions, and do not find our statement correct.
H. B. GARNER, Druggist.

SANDY M'FADDEN.

He Forsook the Political Forum and Makes a Hit as an Auctioneer.

Sandy M'Fadden did not get along very fast as stump-speaker for his ward. He was at perfect liberty at all times to give up his loins and go about to help elect some other fellow, but he never was forced into any office of trust or emolument himself. So he quit making speeches for the boys and went into business as an auctioneer.

He found this business congenial, and it was not long until he made his mark. Some of Sandy's oratorical efforts are well worth preserving.

"Now, ladies and gents," he said on one occasion, "let me call your attention to this beautiful oil painting entitled 'Washington Crossing the Delaware.' Observe, if you please, the attitude of the Father of His Country as he stands in the bow of the boat and does the heavy yodling, while the men at the oars do the work. See him, with his august finger lifted, pointing the way through the fog and mist, urging the men to put in their best ticks. In buying this picture, ladies and gents, you buy a picture of the noble Washington in his most heroic attitude. The crossing of the Delaware was an event of the utmost importance in our country's history. If Washington had not crossed the Delaware on that memorable occasion where would he have been?"

"He would have been on his side," shouted a fellow on the outskirts of the crowd.

Sandy checked the levity and went on: "That was an occasion and this is a picture to stir every patriotic heart. And what am I bid for it? Do I hear a snarl? Look at the frame, ladies and gents. There's a frame that is worth a dollar, to say nothing of the subject and the picture. Do I hear ninety cents for this magnificent masterpiece? Not even ninety cents? Why, ladies and gents, in it the rich red American blood that dances in your veins, or is it the sluggish, pale gray liquor that trickles through the British subject? Does not the sight of the star-spangled banner stir your pulses? And yet I do not hear ninety cents for 'Washington Crossing the Delaware.' I am amazed and pained. Was the Revolutionary war fought in vain? Was blood spilled on Bunker Hill to be so soon forgotten? Think of Valley Forge and the sufferings of the Continental soldiers during that awful winter, and then give me a bid on this picture. What! no bid! Ladies and gents, I intended next to put up this magnificent American eagle, stuffed in the highest style of the art, but I can't do it in the face of this sentiment. In this crowd, the birds with the broad and sweeping wing wouldn't fetch the price of a plucked quail. I will now proceed to sell this beautiful English hunting-gear watch.—N. Y. World.

Worthy Of Trust.

A tourist climbing up a mountain side doesn't want a small, limber or rotten stick. No, he wants a stout staff that will bear his whole weight, one that he can lean on in confidence, one that is worthy of trust, and that will uphold him should his feet slip. So an invalid, in search of health, they dislike to fall into the hands of a doctor and be experimented with. They want to use the proper remedy for their ailment in the start. They are only willing to take medicine on condition that it will make them well. Now there is one remedy whose effects is a certainty. It has been tried and tested in thousands of instances and has never failed. It is called Smith's Tonic Syrup. Its principle was discovered by the eminent Dr. John Bull, of Louisville, Ky. It is pleasant to take, and possesses all the good medicinal qualities of quinine, but it is free from all of its objectionable qualities. It will cure chills and fever when quinine fails. It will also prevent and cure colds, influenza, la grippe, etc. Its influence is positive, and it is a remedy worthy of trust.

"Good story, eh?"

"Yes. It's very original to have a man fall in love with his laundry. What are you going to call it?"
"I don't know. What should you do?"
"How would 'A Boarder Romance' do?"—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE.

Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs.

In Whooping Cough and Croup it is a magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee.
H. B. GARNER, Druggist.

First Reporter—Don't you think

it a full-blown style is too inflated?

Second Reporter—Yes, but what if you're pet of a man when the editor either grows him a howling parody day?—Burlington Free Press.

THAT TERRIBLE COUGH.

In the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, raising phlegm, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chilliness in the evening or events at night, all or any of these things are the first signs of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy will cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under positive guarantee by H. B. GARNER, Druggist.

"Has Mr. Puncher, the conductor

on the Central, given up his situation?"

"It's reported that he took his last fare well."—Plunder.

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH.

Tired feeling, bad headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, all the positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under a positive guarantee.
H. B. GARNER, Druggist.

Just the Other Way.

The story is told of a famous Boston lawyer that one day, after having a slight discussion with the judge, he deliberately started to walk off.

To Nervous Debilitated Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, and manhood. Pamphlet free. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on a trial.

Trade With South America.

From an open letter by Alfred Beldan to "Trade With South America," in the Century for June, we quote as follows: "American manufacturers have been in the habit of forwarding to Columbia such goods as they thought the Columbians would buy, and have then been surprised to find they made no sales. Many of these goods were absolutely dead stock for the simple reason that the people had not an idea of how to use them or could not apply them. What is the cure, for example, of shipping a McCormick reaper to farmers that grow no wheat? Some of the goods sent out could not be sold because, in a country of canoes and pack mules, they could not be carried. For instance, the standard American white cotton is woven twenty-seven inches wide. This cannot be sold in Columbia, because with pack-mules the cargo, or pack, must not be more than twenty-two inches long, as otherwise it will gall the hips and shoulders of the animals. American cotton can be roped on a pack-mule, with the bolts lashed vertically, but such a pack is very apt to get disarranged, and the cargo, or mule, charged with care for the trouble he is put to. Naturally the merchants in the interior of the country purchase English or German cotton, woven to forty-four and folding to twenty-two inches."

FULL OF FUN.

—Frate Housewife.—"You're always breaking something."—Baroness.—"Sure, but I ain't tried it on your record for fault-finding."—Rome Sentinel.

—In Spanish, liberty is "libertad," and a liberty-pole is therefore a liberty-pole, which may account for the unpopularity of liberty in Spain.—Highland Cuckoo.

—A Sure Sign.—Two blind men are on a train. Suddenly loud snarls are heard all over the car. "There," said one to the other, "that's the fourth tunnel we have passed through to-day."—Judge.

—The First and Only Chance.—First Man (excitedly)—"Our boarding-house is a-fire!" Second Man (calmly)—"Come, then, hurry up, and perhaps we may be able to get something hot."—Jury.

—"I observe with regret, George," said George's father, "that you are still at the foot of your class. Is there no prospect of your doing better?" "Oh, yes, father, I expect to be second or third in the next class below next term."—N. Y. Sun.

—"Yes," said the oldest inhabitant, "this is a pretty mild winter, but I remember a season that was much warmer than this." "How long ago was that?" queried his listeners. "Only last summer,"—Norristown Herald.

—The Musical Director.—Mrs. Young-husband—"Well, Aunt Jane, how did you like the symphony concert?" Aunt Jane—"Oh, pretty well. But it kind of spoilt the effect to see that foot pit in front pretending to dream on nothing."—Burlington Free Press.

—Killa's Brother—"Do you love my sister Emma?" Emma's Steady Companion—"Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?" Emma's Brother—"She said last night she would give a dollar to know, and I'd like to scoop it in."—Puck.

—Careful Parent.—"Before I can give consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter I must know something about your character." Father—"Certainly, sir, certainly. Here if my bank-book." Careful Parent (after a glance)—"Take her, my son, and be happy."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Collector.—"When are you going to pay this bill?" "I can't be coming here every day in the week." Debtor—"Well, what day could you come on, conveniently?" "I could call on Saturday." "All right; from now on I shall expect you every Saturday."—Texas Sittings.

—Dull All Around.—"I'd like to have a little money on my account," said the barber as Mr. Hardup settled himself for another shave to be "put on the tab." "Well, I am afraid we will have to wait—this is the dull season, you know. Great roots! But that razor pulled! Don't you ever have your razors?" "Not in this dull season."—Terro Haute Express.

—Bree Sargent (reading of the conviction of a fellow-criminal of color)—"No, sah, if I'd 'a' ben on dat jury I wouldn't 'a' hung in no verdie ob guilty." Bree Moses (in surprise)—"But, breer, don't you see de paper say how as he done plead 'guilty' for de judge and de jury?" Bree Sargent (scoffingly)—"What difference dat gorn' make? He he 'a' speck I gwine believe 'w'at he say? No, sah!"—Detroit Free Press.

POPULAR PEOPLE.

Why Adaptable Men and Women Are the Favorites of Society.

The popular people, that is, the people popularly socially, are the adaptable. The man who doesn't believe his host is responsible for the weather, or his lack of appetite, or the fact that most of the people are strangers to him, or that his clothes are uncomfortable, or that the man who is going to be invited out often. The woman who doesn't ex-

pect her friends to be always at the fever heat of affection, who doesn't expect them to keep a day-book of her likes and dislikes, who doesn't want the best seat in an opera box, and who doesn't complain if she has to entertain somebody who isn't as yet a celebrity, is the comfortable one and the one that everybody is glad to meet again. She is certain to make even stupid people bright, or, better still, to make them think themselves bright, and she is equally certain to be a tolerably happy person herself, for there is a great deal of truth in what one of the alum sisters so famously said: "If you make other people happy you're a cynic in your own heart that can't come in any other way."

If you ask a man how you had better dress to go to the theater, he'll say: "Oh, wear a black frock and a little bonnet." Then, if you tell him you haven't got a black frock that is fit to wear, he'll ask "if you don't own some quiet little brown thing?" Very young men and very old men, those nearing their second childhood, like to take old women who are conspicuous by their handsomeness, but the real man, the best type of the man of the world, prefers that, while a woman is well, she should still be quietly dressed. An obnoxious citizen, whose opinions of men in general and women in particular are good, said he'd rather have, when he took out a woman in care for a man, say to him the next day: "Tommy, my boy, who was that quiet little lady with you last evening?" than to have him rush up to him and say: "Tom, you can't keep that to yourself. You've got to introduce that stunning creature to me. Never saw such a beauty in my life. What a lucky fellow you are!" Men are a hundred times more sensitive on the subject of refinement in women than women believe, and the young woman who is given to elaborate smoking, who "dresses slang" like a man, who talks about the fellows, and who never ditches before anyone or care, is apt to be relegated by them to the world in which she belongs. Men are decidedly the best judges of what is desirable in women, and they seldom have a deep-seated admiration for the fast or horsey one.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Man of Power.

"So your daughter Jennie is married?"
"Yes."
"Married well?"
"She married a man of power and influence."
"Indeed! Statesman, banker, politician, or what?"
"Neither; she married the janitor of a flat."—Boston Courier.

Many mothers would willingly pay a dollar a box for Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers if they could not get it for less. It costs only 25 cents and is sold by druggists.

Smart, if he was a Dude.

"I am told that you are writing poetry again," said Miss Belle Peppercorn to Willie Washington.
"No; I tried, you know, but I gave it up."
"That is too bad, I'm sure. Why didn't you persevere?"
"Well, I found you know that there was no way of making 'youth' and 'beauty' and 'grace' and 'loveliness' rhyme with Belle, so I gave it up."—Washington Post.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE